King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Ente Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented.
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaugham, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

Line 20 Harford west.
Line 29 unto thy lord—

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swrd of wicked men
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowe in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your summer field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inbowld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dales march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.

Line 14 What high. 17 swords of wicke
18 their owne points. 32 fields.
Line 14 That high— 38. cheerelie